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THE TRANSCRIPT.

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By HENRY A. CUTLER.

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LOCAL NOTICES will be inserted at 12½ cents per line.

COURTESY.

In Athens, ere the sun of fame had set,
Midst pomp and show the gazing crowds were met,
Intent forever upon something new,
The mimic wonders of the stage to view.

So where the extended circus spreads
In gathered ranks its sea of living heads,
Ranged in close order, rising row on row,
The void arena claims the space below.

The seats were filled; but ere the show began,
A stranger entered—'twas an aged man;
Awhile he sought a place with aspect mild:
The polished young Athenians sat and smiled,
Eyed his confusion with a sidelong glance,
But kept their seats, nor rose as he advanced.

O, for a burning blush of deeper hue
To mark the shame of that self-glorious crew.
How poor the produce of fair learning's tree,
That bears no fruit of sweet humanity!
The growth of arts and sciences how vain,
In hearts that feel not for another's pain!

Not so the Spartan youth, whose simple school
Instilled the plain but salutary rule
Of kindness, and whose honest souls preferred
Truth to display—performance to a word.

These Spartan youths had their appointed place,
Apart from Athens' distinguished race,
And rose with one accord, intent to prove
To honored age their duty and their love;
Nor did a Spartan youth his seat resume
Till the old man found due and fitting room.

Then came the sentence of reproof and praise,
Stamped with the sternness of the ancient days:
For standing full amid the assembled crowd,
The venerable stranger cried aloud:
"The Athenians learn their duty well, but lo!
The Spartans practice what the Athenians know."

The words were good, and in a virtuous cause;
They justly earned a nation's glad applause;
But we have surer words of precept given
In God's own book, the words that came from Heaven—
Be kind, be courteous, be all honor shown,
"Seek others' welfare rather than thine own."

—*T. B. Macaulay.*

For Father's Honor.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

'So much gone! I might have known how it would be!' said Mr. Sterling, looking up from the morning paper with a most unpleasant expression upon his face.

'What is gone?' asked his wife.

'My money is gone,' answered Mr. Sterling fretfully.

'What money?'

'That money I was foolish enough to let Mr. Granger.'

'Why do you say that?'

'He's dead,' replied Mr. Sterling coldly.

'Dead!' The wife's voice was full of surprise and pain; sorrow overshadowed her face.

'Yes, gone, and my money with him. Here's a notice of his death. I was sure when I saw him go away, that he'd never come back again except in his coffin. Why will doctors send their patients from home to die?'

'Poor Mrs. Granger! Poor little orphans!' sighed Mrs. Sterling. 'What will they do?'

'As well without him as with him,' was the unfeeling answer of her husband, who was only thinking of the three hundred dollars he had been over persuaded to loan the sick clergyman in order that he might go South during the winter. 'He's been more of a burden than a support to them these two years.'

'Oh, Harry, how can you speak so?' remonstrated Mrs. Sterling. 'A kinder man in his family never was seen. Poor Mrs. Granger! She will be heartbroken.'

'Kindness is cheap and easily dispensed,' stolidly replied Mr. Sterling. 'He would have been of more use to his family if he had fed and clothed them better; I reckon they can do without him; if I had my three hundred dollars I wouldn't——'

But he choked for shame—not for any better feeling—the almost brutal words his heart sent up to his tongue.

Not many yards away from Mr. S's handsome residence stood a small plain cottage, with a garden in front, neatly laid out in bordered walks, and filled with shrubbery. A honeysuckle, twined with a running rose-bush, covered the latticed portico, and looked in at the chamber windows, giving beauty and sweetness. The hand of taste was seen everywhere—not lavish but discriminating taste. Two years before there was not a happier family in all the pleasant town of C—. Now the shadow of death was upon it.

'Poor Mrs. Granger! poor little orphans!' Well might Mrs. Sterling pity them. When her mercenary husband was sighing over the loss of three hundred dollars, the young widow lay senseless with her two little ones weeping over her in childish terror. The news of the death found her unprepared. Only a week before she had received a letter from Mr. Granger in which he talked hopefully of his recovery. 'I am strong,' he said. 'My appetite is better; I have gained five pounds in flesh since I left home.' —Three days after writing this letter there came a sudden change of temperature; he took cold, which was followed by congestion of the lungs; and no medical skill was sufficient for the case. His body was sent home for interment. When the husband and father went away two or three months before, his beloved ones looked upon his face for the last time in this world.

Love and honor make the heart strong. Mrs. Granger was a gentle, retiring woman. She had leaned upon her husband very heavily; she had clung to him as a vine. Those who knew her best felt most anxious about her. 'She has no mental stamina,' they said; 'she cannot stand alone.'

But they were mistaken. As we have just said, love and honor make the heart strong. Only a week after Mr. Sterling read the news of the minister's death he received a note from the widow.

'My husband,' she said, 'was able to go South in the hope of regaining his health through your kindness. If he had lived, the money you loaned him would have been faithfully returned, for he was a man of honor. Dying, he left that honor in my keeping, and I will see that the debt is paid. But you will have to be a little patient with me.'

'All very fine,' muttered Mr. Sterling, with a slightly curling lip. 'I've heard of such things before; they sound well. People will say of Mrs. Granger, 'What a noble woman—what a fine sense of honor she has.' But I shall never see the three hundred dollars I was foolish enough to lend her husband.'

Very much to Mr. Sterling's surprise and not a little to his pleasure, he discovered, about three months afterwards, that he was mistaken in his estimate of Mrs. Granger. The pale, sad, fragile little woman, brought him the sum of twenty-five dollars. He did not see the tears in her eyes as he displayed her husband's note, with its dear familiar writing, and made thereon, with considerable formality, an endorsement of the sum paid. She would have given many drops of her heart's blood to have been able to clutch that document from Mr. Sterling's hands; his possession of it seemed like a blot on the dear one's memory.

'Katie Granger is the queerest little girl I ever knew,' said Flora Temple to her mother, on the evening of the very day on which his first payment was made. Mr. Sterling heard the remark, and letting his eyes drop from the newspaper he was reading, turned his ear to listen.

'I think her a very nice little girl' replied the mother.

'So she is nice,' returned the child, 'but then she is so queer.'

'What do you mean by queer?'

'O, she isn't like the rest of us girls. She said the oddest thing to-day; I almost laughed right out, but I'm glad I didn't. Three of us, Katie, Lillie, Benfield and I, were walking around the square at recess time, when Uncle Hiram came along, and taking out three bright ten cent pieces, he said, 'here's a dime for each of you girls to buy sugar plums. Lillie and I screamed out and were starting away in an instant for the candy shop; but Katie stood with her share of the money in her hand. 'Come along!' I cried; she didn't move, but stood strange and serious. 'Aint you going to buy candy with it?' I asked. Then she shook her head gravely and put the dime in her pocket, saying (I don't think she meant for us to hear the words) 'It's for father's honor;' and leaving us, went back to the school room. What did she mean by that, mother? Oh, she is so strange!'

'Her mother is very poor, you know,' said Mrs. Sterling, laying up Katie's singular remark to be pondered over.

'She must be,' said Flora, 'for Katie's worn the same frock to school every day for almost three months.'

Mr. Sterling, who did not let a single word of this conversation escape him, was far from feeling as comfortable under the prospect of getting back the money he loaned Mr. Granger, as he had felt an hour before. He understood the meaning of Katie's remark—'It's for father's honor;' the truth flashed at once through his mind.

There was another period of three months, and Mrs. Granger called upon Mr. Sterling, and gave him twenty five dollars more. The pale thin face made a stronger impression on him. It troubled him to lift the money which her small fingers, in which the blue veins shone through the transparent skin, had counted out. He wished she had sent the money instead of calling. It was on his lips to remark, 'Do not trouble or pinch yourself to pay faster than is convenient, Mrs. Granger,' but cupidity whispered that she might take advantage of his considerate kindness and so kept silent.

'No, dear, it's for father's honor; I can't spend it.'

Mr. Sterling was passing a fruit shop, where two children were looking in at the window, when this sentence met his ear.

'An apple won't cost but a penny, Katie, and I want one so badly,' answered the youngest of the children, a little girl not five years of age.

'Come away, Maggie,' said the other, drawing her sister back from the window.

'Don't look at them any more,—don't think about them.'

'But I can't help thinking about them, sister Katie,' pleaded the child.

It was more than Mr. Sterling could stand. Every want of his own children was supplied. He bought fruit by the barrel, and here was a little child pleading for an apple, which cost only one cent! But the apple must be denied because the penny must be saved to make good the dead father's honor. Who held that honor in pledge! Who took the sum total of these pennies, saved in the self-denial of little children, and added them to his already brimming coffers? A feeling of shame burned the cheeks of Mr. Sterling.

'Here, little ones,' he called, as the two children went slowly away from the fruit shop window. He was touched by the sober look on their sweet young faces as they turned at his invitation.

'Come in, and I'll get you some apples,' he said.

Kattie held back, but Maggie held out her hand, eager to accept the offer, for she was longing for the fruit.

'Come,' repeated Mr. Sterling kindly.

The children then followed him into the shop, and he filled their aprons with apples and oranges. Their thankful eyes and happy faces were in his memory all day. This was his reward, and it was sweet.

Three months more, and again Mr. Sterling had a visit from the pale young widow. This time she had only twenty dollars. It was all she had been able to save, she said; but she made excuse and uttered no complaint. Mr. Sterling took the money and counted it over in a hesitating way. The touch thereof was pleasant to his fingers for he loved money. But the vision of the sober child faces was before his eyes, and the sound of pleading child voices in his ears. Through over taxing toil, and the denial of herself and little ones, the poor widow had gathered this small sum, and was now paying it into his hand—to make good the honorable contract of her dead husband. He hesitated, rustling in a half absent way the edges of the little pile of bills that lay under his fingers. One thing was clear to him, he would never take anything more from the widow. The balance of the debt must be forgiven. People would get to understand the widow's case; they would hear of her self-denial, and that of her children, in order to pay the husband's and farther's debt in order to keep pure his honor; and they would ask naturally who was the exacting creditor? This thought affected him unpleasantly.

Slowly, as one in whose mind debate still went on, Mr. Sterling took from his desk a large pocket-book and selected the note on which Mrs. Granger had now made three payments. For some moments he held it in his hands, looking at the face thereof. He saw written down in clear figures, the sum, $300. Seventy of this had been paid. If he gave up or destroyed the slip of paper, he would lose two hundred and thirty dollars. It was something of a trial for one who loved money so well, to come up so squarely to this issue. Something fell in between his eyes and the note of hand. He did not see the writing and figures of the obligation, but a sad pleading little face, and with the vision of this face came to his ears the sentence; 'No, dear, it's for father's honor.'

The debate in Mr. Sterling's mind was over. Taking up a pen he wrote across the face of Mr. Granger's note the word 'Cancelled,' and then handed it to the widow.

'What does this mean?' she asked, looking bewildered.

'It means,' said Mr. Sterling, 'that I hold no obligations against your husband.'

Some moments went by ere Mrs. Granger's thoughts became clear enough to comprehend it all. Then she replied as she handed back the note:

'I thank you for your generous kindness, but he left his honor in my keeping, and I must maintain it spotless.'

'That you have already done,' answered Mr. Sterling, speaking through some emotions that were new to him. 'It is as white as snow.'

Then he thrust upon her the twenty dollars she had just paid him.

'No, Mr. Sterling,' the widow said.

'It shall be as I will,' was the response. 'I would rather touch fire than your money. Every dollar would burn upon my conscience like living coals.'

'But keep this last payment,' urged the widow, 'I shall feel better!'

'No, Madam! Would you throw fire upon my conscience? Your husband's honor never had a stain. All men knew him to be pure and upright. When God took him He assumed his earthly debts, and did not leave upon you the heavy burden of the payment. But he left with you another and more sacred obligation, which you have overlooked in part.'

'What?' asked the widow in an almost startling voice.

'To minister to the wants of your children, whom you have pinched and denied in their tender years—giving of their meat to cancel an obligation which death had paid. And you have made me a party in the wrong to them. Ah, madam!' Mr. Sterling's voice softened very much, 'If we could all see right in the right time, and do it the right time, how much of wrong and suffering might be saved! I honor your true hearted self-devotion, but I shall be no party to its continuance. As it is I am your debtor in the sum of fifty dollars, and will repay it in my own way and time.'

Mr. Sterling made good his word. Under Providence, this circumstance was the means of breaking through the hard crust of selfishness and cupidity which had formed around his heart. He was not only generous to the widow in after years, but a doer of many deeds of kindness and humanity to which he had been in other times a stranger.

A Romantic Story.

A newspaper correspondent at Saratoga tells a romantic story of a young bridal couple who recently figured there:

In the summer of 1860, Senor B——, the son of a wealthy Cuba planter, was staying at Saratoga. While there he became acquainted with Miss Eugenie F., daughter of a well known Mobile banker. The parties became enamored of each other, and all things being satisfactory, became betrothed with the consent of the old folks, and the marriage was appointed for the 16th of August, 1864. The lady returned to her home, while the gentleman went back to Cuba to arrange and settle his private affairs, with a view of permanently residing in the United States. About one month before the time appointed for the nuptials to take place, the Mobile banker received and accepted a commission as brigadier in the Confederate service, and in his first battle, a few weeks after, received a mortal wound. His sudden death involved the family in cruel embarrassment, and from a State of wealth they were plunged into comparative obscurity; and upon this state of affairs being made known to the father of the young man, he broke off the match and interdicted even the slightest correspondence afforded through the medium of blockade runners. Thus matters remained until January last, when the old man dying, left the son free to wed the maiden of his choice. He immediately took passage for, and after several delays reached Mobile. He there found that his intended mother-in-law, overcome with grief, had succumbed to the fell destroyer, and followed her husband to the grave, while Miss F. was conducting a seminary for young ladies. I need not dilate upon the meeting between the young couple; suffice it to say, that the school was given up, the parties married, and in a few days embarking from Washington, they arrived in safety at Nassau. From thence they came to New York, and after staying a few weeks, set out for this place, where free from care the young Cuban and his bride, it is to be hoped, if appearances do not deceive, are enjoying as much happiness as it is fated that mortals shall enjoy on this mundane sphere.

☞ It greatly annoys the democrats to have their best electioneering capital neutralized by the past words and acts of their presidential candidate. If they cry out against arbitary arrests, they are reminded of McClellan's arrest of the Maryland legislature; and if they go into a fine frenzy over military control of the ballot box, they are silenced by McClellan's orders to Gens. Banks and Stone to guard the polls in Maryland by federal soldiers and arrest all disunionists who should undertake to vote.

The Need of Our Country.

With all the needs of our nineteenth century Christianity, of which so many are ready to speak, I suspect we want nothing so much as a larger and loftier type of Christian character. Of party spirit, of dogmatic opinion, of decent custom, of religious routine, I see no lack. But the plain and simple old virtues of humility and integrity, purity and charity—none of us have got above these, or ever will. Remember, faith without them is dead. Remember, it is not righteousness that is filthy rags, but the selfish quality of self-righteousness. The world outside has a notion that it knows how to practice these virtues and wear these graces quite as well as the church of Christ. I want to have you prove the world mistaken in that point, not by a dispute with it, but by conduct which shuts up all disputes. Century after century, the world over, men persist in asking of the church, what dost thou work? When we send out a new band of disciples to answer that question in their lives, in the church's behalf, we want them to be Christians whose generous spirits will bear injury without retaliation; will walk through hot furnaces of temptation without so much as the smell of fire on their garments; will refuse to render evil for evil; will discourage scandal and suspicion, and whose unsullied hands will touch no gain in any market, that the law of God forbids whatever human law allows. We want in you a Christianity that is Christian, across counters, over dinner tables, behind the neighbor's back as in his face. We want in you a Christianity that we can find in the temperance of the meal, in moderation of dress, in respect for authority, in amiability at home, in veracity and simplicity in mixed society. Rowland Hill used to say he would give little for the religion of a man whose very dog and cat were not the better for his religion. We want fewer gossiping, slandering, gluttonous, peevish, conceited, bigoted Christians. To make them effectual, all our public religious measures, institutions, benevolent agencies, missions, need to be managed on a high toned, scrupulous, and unquestionable scale of honor, without evasion or partizanship, or overmuch of the serpent's cunning. The hand that gives away the Bible must be unspotted from the world. The money that sends the missionary to the heathen must be honestly earned. In short, both the two arms of the church—justice and mercy—must be stretched out, working for man, strengthening the brethren, or else your faith is vain, and ye are yet in your sins.—*Rev. Dr. Huntington.*

The Careful Housekeeper.

"There are those balusters all finger marks again," said Mrs. Cary, as she made haste with a soft linen cloth to polish down the shining oak again. "George," she said, with a flushed face, as she gave the cloth a decided wrench out of the basin of suds, "if you go up those stairs again before bedtime you shall be punished."

"I should like to know where I can go," said George angrily. "I can't stay in the kitchen, I am so in the way, and I can't go in the parlor for fear I shall muss that up, and now you say I can't go up to my own room. I know a grand place where I can go," he added to himself; "boys are never told they are in the way there, and we can have lots of fun. I'll go down to Nile's corner. I can smoke a cigar now as well as any boy, if it did make me awful sick the first time. They shall not laugh at me again about it."

And so the careful housekeeper virtually drove her son from her door, to hang about the steps and sit under the broad inviting portico of the village grog-shop. Do you think she gained or lost?

Mrs. Cary was a slave to her housekeeping, and all her lifetime was spent in efforts to bring every one around into the same bondage. The family lived in the most incommodious rooms in the house, that the best ones might be kept in order for chance guests. Rare events were visits of any length at her house; for friends would go a long way before venturing on a second visit there. Neatness, instead of being for the comfort of the household, was the most inexcusable tyrant. "Hands off," was the motto for all her spotless furniture; and the children were brought up with the impression that even the commonest articles were to good to use. The master of the house had now and then a sturdy way of asserting his right to some spot about the house he had bought and paid for; or there is no telling to what length her propensities might have taken her. Still such assertion of rights did not tend at all to promote harmony in the camp, and though the children looked on with secret delight they took good care to keep out of harm's way.

How sad it is to see what should be a scource of the highest enjoyment to the home circle turned into a scource of the greatest discomfort.

O mothers! in all your calculations set down first of all what will promote the comfort and well-being of the dear children. Do not let a cold, formal, precise home, where they are constantly admonished about disorder, drive them into the street with its fearful schooling. A sweet, well ordered home is a blessing to any child's life, if the sunny atmosphere of love and happiness dwells within its walls. —*Chronicle.*

The Arlington Mansion.

The following passages are from a letter of B. F. Taylor in the Chicago *Journal*:—

Lee's old Arlington mansion is reached at last and you stand in the lofty portico, with its eight massive columns of marble. There is nothing light and elegant about it, but all is grand—almost severe, the walls are finished in stucco, and patches of it have fallen off here and there; the panels once filled with figures in relief are empty and defaced; an hundred swallows' nests bead the cornices, as with a mourning necklace, and the plaint of young birds and the flutter of wings "fill the silence like a speech." The wooden shutters are fast closed. The broad doors, that once stood wide, leading to the front a hospitable, almost a human smile, are sealed like the lips of the dead. I feel as I did when standing before the bolted door of a tomb on Georgetown Heights, bearing a name forever fallen out of common speech.

Did ever lovelier landscape greet the eye from portico before? The rolls of green washing up the richest foliage, lapse away to the Potomac with its silver flow. At your left, the old garden, that like deserted Eden lacks many hands to "lop the wanton growth," yet makes a gorgeous show of flowers. Your eye catches the telegraph wire spun along from tree to tree, and through a crevice in the window; a paralyzed nerve of the old headquarters established here. What tidings from the field have flashed along that wire; what syllables of triumph and defeat!

Before you lies Washington; exactly in your front, lifts the monument, a mighty mill-stone "to count the ages gone by." Straight out beyond, the dome of the Capitol, a splendid bubble, as if an angel's breath had blown it. And he who once stood here turned from the scene a traitor! I push open the reluctant door and enter the deserted hall; the floors are covered with dust; the frescoes on the walls are dim with cobwebs; the arches are stained and battered. A rusty chain dangles from the ceiling, suspending a fragment of a lamp, its light put out forever. The antlered heads of old Virginia deer, trophies of some forgotten field-day, to the merry music of the hounds and the dashing leaps of bloody hunters, yet cling to the walls like sculptures. Paintings are here, too, that have gone into history: staring enough now, and as literal as a Scotchman, but yet time has done for them what it does for friends and books and wine.

I open a door and am in the dining-room; there stands the table yet; the cloth removed for its old host forever; the table with its lion's claws, leaving foot prints in the dust as you move it, as if the mansion were indeed a haunt for the beasts of the wilderness. Here Lafayette sat a guest; here sparkled jest and wine; here rose the song, died out so long in sighing; here woman's smiles shone round the board now faded out in dying. A scarred side-board of some ancient fashion is against the wall; not so did it look in the old days, flashing in the glory of cut glass, ruby and amber. Do you mark the doors are double opening here, and the narrow space between the walls? Wine is a truth teller, they say, and so no syllable over the third bottle could stray beyond this room to ears intent. I catch myself in this dim and shattered place of banquets—alas, "funeral baked meats" all they seem now—trying to think how they looked when they throned it; who sat here and there and yonder, but the picture is faded and my hand cannot restore it.

I go from room to room. Here hangs one of old Arrowsmith's nankeen-colored maps of North America, with no Northwest in it at all, but a symbolic bear, and "Lo, the poor Indian!" There is a leaf of Virginia story, a picture of Pocahontas. Here is a stray loiterer of a velvet chair; old bureaus full of emptiness; a chest of drawers with a "till" in the top. I had not seen one in twenty years, and lifted the lid, almost expecting to see my mother's old fashioned gold beads, and the pencil sketch of "the little boy that died," for those old mothers, you know, kept their bits of treasure in the "till." Gold picture-frames and nothing in them; a high-post bedstead big enough for a mill; a broken mirror with a spider watching at the fracture; fragments of marble mantles strown about the floor; the guest-chamber's carpetless, comfortless and as cheerless as the cave of Macpelah; the footfall sounds as sharply as the stroke of a hammer.

And so I go from room to room and think of Hogarth's picture of the end of all things, and that it wants only this to complete it. This has been federal headquarters I told you, and traces of the truth remain, oblong boxes marked "Habana," bottles suspiciously labelled "Sillery," and "Old Tom," riding gloves, tarnished spurs, "passes" out of date, rosters of regiments in the front or in heaven; such signs on parlor doors and chamber doors as "Quartermaster," "Adjutant," "No Admittance." A strange jumble it all is, of yesterday and to-day.

Retracing my steps, I go out from the heavy darkened air of the silent house into the glad sunlight where the trees are waving and the birds are singing, as if this were not the Dead Man's Land. Not far from the mansion is the God's acre of the family, surrounded by a wall, the gray tablets bearing such old historic names as Randolph, Washington and others that sometime had wearers to illustrate and adorn them. Returning to the portico, where the birds so brave are bringing home thir dinner, I find a soldier curled up beside the door, and lazily carving a laurel root pipe. "How do you think old Lee will like the improvements," he said; "a Freedman's Village on one side, a National Cemetery on the other, and his house gone up to the birds, if not to the bats?" "Lee is dead," I gravely replied, and passed out, but not before I heard the soldier mutter "He be d—d."

As I told the boy yesterday, so I tell you to-day, and it is true: Lee is dead. Lee, the Federal lieutenant-colonel; the genial, generous, large-hearted host; the keen, brave, accomplished, lieutenant-colonel of the old Second Cavalry, is as much dead as if I had read his name on a gray tablet in the old graveyard, and better, a thousand times better, for his name and fame if I had. But Lee, the rebel general, trampling on the flag as the Japanese trampled on the cross, turning his sword to the breast of loyal neighbors and friends, and ancient brothers in arms, and reddening poor old Virginia with the richest, best blood of mankind—what has he to do with our gallant Colonel Lee of lang syne? Should that general ever be captured, I would not lift a hand against his life. He should have all of it until the wheel should be broken at the cistern and stand still. I would bring him back to Arlington Heights, and he should stumble by moonlight over the three thousand graves he helped to fill; he should linger round his field of ghastly tillage; he should sit at that lonely table and say with Duncan's faithless general:

"——Give me some wine, fill full;
I drink to the general joy!"

Linger there until he should cry out, "Oh be alive again! Thou canst not say I did it!"

The heart aches to think what large souls are emptied of their loyalty, like old Etruscan vases overturned; what noble brains have plotted treason, each fine, white fibre reddened with much blood. Paradise was on the Euphrates they say, but I have seen an Eden here, on the bank of the Potomac. The fall of man has again transpired, and banished hence, now as then a flaming sword waves to the eastward of Eden.

☞ According to Gen. Lee, Mosby, the guerilla, did a large business between the 1st of March and 11th of September. "With the loss of little more than twenty men, he has killed, wounded and captured, during the period embraced in this report, about 1200 of the enemy, and taken more than 1600 horses and mules, 230 beef cattle, and 85 wagons and ambulances, without counting many smaller operations. The services rendered by Col. Mosby and his command in watching and reporting the enemy's movements, have also been of great value."